THE LAST

Will and Testament

OF

ANTHONY

King of Poland.

MY *Tap it runs*; then *Baxter* tell me why
Should not the *great*, the great *Turpakie* die?
Grim *Death*, who lays us all upon our backs,
Instead of *Scythe*, doth now advance his *Axe*
And I, who all my life in *broils* have spent,
Intend at last to make a *Settlement*.
Imprimis for my *Soul* (though I had thought
To 've left that *thing*, I never minded, *nought*)
Some do advise, for fear of doing wrong,
To give it *him*, to whom it doth belong;
But I, who all *mankind* have cheated, now
Intend likewise to cheat the *Devil* too.
Therefore I leave my *Soul* unto my *Son*,
For *he*, as Wise Men think, as yet has *none*.
Then for my *Polish Crown*, that pretty thing,
Let *M*—— take 't, who longs to be a *King*,
His *Empty head* soft Nature did design
For such a *light* and *airy Crown* as mine.
With my *Estate*, I'll tell you how it stands,
Jack Ketch must have my *Cloaths*, the *King* my *Lands*.
Item I leave the *damn'd Association*
To all the wise disturbers of the Nation,
Not that I think they'll gain their ends thereby,
But that they may be *hang'd* as well as I.
A—*ng.* (in *Murders*, and in *Whoring* skill'd,
Who twenty *Bastards* gets for one *man kill'd*)
To thee I do bequeath my Brace of *Whores*,
Long kept to draw the humours from my *Sores*,
For you they'll serve as well as *Silver Tap*,
For Women give, and sometimes cure a Clap.
H—*d* my partner in *Captivity*,
False to thy *God* and *King*, but true to me,
To thee some *heinous Legacy* I'd give,
But that, I think, thou hast not long to live,
Besides thou'st wickedness enough in store
To serve thy self and twenty thousand more.
To thee (young *G*——) I'll some small *Toy* present,
For you with any thing can be *content*,
Then take the *Knife* with which I cut my Corns,
'Twill serve to pare and *sharp* your Lordships *Horns*,
That you may rampant *M*—— *push*, and *gore*
Till he shall leave your House, and change his Whore.
On top of *Monument* let my *Head* stand
It self a Monument, where first began
The *Flame*, that has endanger'd all the Land.
But ~~hast to *Titus* let my *Ears* be thrown,~~
For he, 'tis thought, will shortly lose his *own*.

I leave old *Baxter* my invenom'd *Teeth*
To *bite* and *poyson* all the Bishops with.
Item I leave my *Tongue* to wise Lord *N——th*
To help him bring his *what-de-call-ums* forth,
'Twill make his Lordship utter Treason clear,
And he in time may speak like *Noble Peer.*
My *Squinting Eyes* let *Ignoramus* wear,
That they may this way *look*, and that way *Saver*;
Let the *City* take my *Nose*, because 'tis red
That by the *Nose* all them have always led,
But for their *Wives* I nothing now can spare,
For all my Live's time they have had their *share.*
Let not my Quarters stand on City Gate,
Least they new *Rots* and *Plotters* do create;
For certainly the Presbyterian Wenches
In Dirt will fall to *Idolize* my *Haunches*;
But, that I may to my *Old Friend* be Civil,
Let some Witch make them Mummy for the *Devil.*
To good *King Charles* I leave (though, faith, 'tis pity)
A pois'ned Nation, and deluded City,
Seditions, Clamours, Murmurs, Jealousies,
False Oaths, Sham-Stories, and Religious Lies.
There's one thing still, which I had quite forgot,
To him I leave the *Carcass* of my *Plot*,
In a *Consumption* the poor thing doth lie,
And when I'm gone, 'twill pine away and die.
Let *Jenkins* in a Tub my *worth* declare,
And let my *Life* be Writ by *Harry Care*;
And if my *Bowels* in the Earth find room,
Then *let these lines be Writ upon their Tomb.*

An Epitaph upon his Bowels.

YE *Mortal Whigs* for Death prepare,
For mighty Tapski's *Guts* lie here,
Will his great *Name* keep *sweet* d'y' think?
For certainly his *Entrals* stink.
Alas 'tis but a foolish pride
To *out sin* all Mankind beside,
When such *Illustrious Garbage* must
Be mingled with the Common dust.
False nature! That could thus *delude*
The *Cheater* of the Multitude;
That put his thoughts upon the Wing,
And egg'd him on to be a King,
See now to what an use she puts
His Noble great and little Guts.
Tapski, who was a Man of Wit,
Had Guts for other uses fit,
Though *Fiddle-Strings* they might not be
(Because he hated *harmony*)
Yet for *Black Puddings* they were good,
Their Master did delight in *Blood*:
Of this they should have drank their fill
(King *Cyrus* did not fare so ill)
Poor Guts could this have been your hap
Sheriff *B——l* might have got a snap,
But now at *York* his Guts must rumble
Since you into a hole did tumble.

FINIS.

Printed for *S. Ward*, 1682.

133998